CHILDREN'S BOOK
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1868

Peggie's Apron.

HARLIE STORIES.

WILD PEGGIE;

OR,

CHARITY WITH DISCRETION.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

WITH ENGRAVINGS,

FROM DESIGNS BY JOHN GILBERT.

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HARLIE STORIES.

I.—THE NEW SHOES.

II.—THE FRENCH FLOWER.

III.—HARLIE'S LETTER.

IV.—WILD PEGGIE.

V.—THE SEA-SHORE.

VI.—FRISKIE, THE PONY.

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CHAPTER I.

AGNES.

AGNES was a girl about ten years of age, who lived alone with her grandmother, in a pretty little cottage. The cottage was built of stone, so that it did no harm to have vines and climbing plants grow up all over it; and the vines and climbers did grow over it to such an

extent, that the cottage was almost entirely covered with them; and there was a beautiful honeysuckle over the door.

Agnes was at first somewhat afraid of the bees that used to come on sunny mornings to gather the sweet nectar in the honeysuckles, to make honey of. But she found, at length, that the bees were not at all disposed to trouble her, so long as she did not trouble them. So she gradually became

accustomed to their presence, and at length she liked to hear them buzzing among the flowers, while she was playing about the door.

In the same manner, the bees were at first rather afraid of Agnes. But they found, at length, that she was not at all disposed to trouble them, so long as they did not trouble her. So they gradually became accustomed to her presence, and at length they liked to see her playing there

about the door, while they were gathering their honey out of the flowers.

Sometimes Agnes had a visit from her aunt Maria. Her aunt Maria lived in a city many miles away. The cottage in which Agnes lived was not in a city, nor near one. It was, however, pretty near a small town.

At one time Agnes' aunt, Maria, came to see her just before Christmas. She came to spend

the Christmas holidays at the cottage.

The day before Christmas, Agnes' aunt proposed to Agnes that they should take a walk into the town.

"Only," said she, "I am afraid it is too cold for you to go."

"Oh, no, auntie," said Agnes. "It is not cold at all. We can put on our cloaks and our tippets, and take our muffs, and we shall not be cold at all."

The truth was, that Agnes knew that if her aunt went into the town, the principal thing she would go for was to buy some Christmas presents at the toy-shops, for her. So she was very eager to go, and was not at all disposed to mind the cold. Besides, she had a little money of her own, and she was going to buy some playthings with it.

If it had been to some place where Agnes did not like to go,

perhaps she would have said: "Oh, no, auntie; don't let us go to-day; it is so dreadfully cold."

At least, that is the way it is apt to be with children generally, however it might have been with Agnes."

It is, however, much better to be perfectly honest, and represent things just as they really are. Thus Agnes should rather have said:

"I know it is pretty cold,

auntie; but we can put on our tippets and our shawls, and if you would like to go, I should like to go with you very much, indeed."

Agnes and her aunt dressed themselves as warmly as they could, and set out. The day was very bleak and cold. The leaves had nearly all fallen from the trees, and the cold wind was sweeping down those that were left. The men in the streets

walked with their coats buttoned up, and their hands in their coat-pockets. In some places there were to be seen lying on the ground, in corners, little heaps of snow, which had fallen, in what they call a snow *flurry*, the day before, and which had been driven into the corners by the winds.

As Agnes and her aunt were walking along in this manner into the town, they saw sitting on the

step of the door before a house which stood on the corner of a street, a poor-looking girl, who was apparently trying to warm herself in a little gleam of sunshine that came in there. She was very poorly clad, and she was trying to cover her neck and arms with an old piece of a shawl which she had drawn up over them.

"Look at that poor girl," said Agnes' aunt, as soon as she saw her, in passing by the corner.

"Yes," said Agnes, in a whisper. "I know who she is: Peggie Jones. She is a bad girl."

"Is she?" said her aunt. "Then I pity her more than I did before."

"Let us stop, then, and give her something," said Agnes."

"No," said her aunt. "We don't know what it is best to give her."

"We can ask her what she wants," suggested Agnes.

"But we should not know whether we could believe what she says," replied her aunt,—"that is, if, as you say, she is a bad girl. Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes, auntie," said Agnes; "it is in an old house down at the end of a lane. Her father is a shoemaker,—or, rather, he is a shoe *mender*, for I never saw him make any new shoes; he always mends old ones."

Agnes said that Peggie was a bad girl, without knowing much about it. All she knew was, that the poor child was often seen running about the streets, ragged and wild. The opinion which she expressed, therefore, that Peggie was a bad girl, was only a surmise, or conjecture, on her part. But it was a pretty correct surmise. A girl can not be brought up to run wild in the streets, ragged and dirty,

without becoming more or less bad.

Peggie used to beg her food from door to door, and a good deal of the food that she begged she carried home to her father. She had no mother.

Sometimes when she saw any thing that was good to eat, exposed at the doors of the shops, she would slyly take some of it, if nobody was looking, though she would by no means have

been willing to steal anything of substantial value.

She used to say that her father was sick, sometimes when she was begging. But her father was not sick; that is, he was not really sick, and he was not really well. He was discouraged. This, however, was in some respects worse than the worst sickness he could have had.

So he neglected his work, and the consequence was that less

work came to him. He fell into the habit of spending his time idly, lying on his bed almost all the forenoons, and in the afternoon lounging about in the taverns and in other such places. He was not happy. On the contrary, he was very unhappy, and he was continually resolving that he would turn over a new leaf, as he said, and lead a better life. But, somehow or other, he did not seem to find any opportunity to begin.

So, like many other persons that I know, he was continually making good resolutions, but he never carried any of them into effect.

There is almost always something wrong about persons who are reduced to such abject poverty, that they have to live on what they can beg in the streets. It is true that honest and virtuous people are sometimes reduced to great poverty and dis-

tress by unexpected calamities. But almost all persons who are honest and virtuous make friends, and these friends are ready to help them, and to see that they are provided for in some way, when any unexpected calamity overtakes them.

Accordingly, when we see persons wandering about the streets as vagrants and beggars, it is pretty safe to conclude that there is something wrong in their con-

duct or character. This is not any reason why we should not endeavor to relieve their miseries, but only why, in attempting to relieve them, we should act prudently and with discretion.

CHAPTER II.

THE COOKING STOVE.

AGNES supposed, when she found that her aunt was going directly past the house where Peggie was sitting on the step, without stopping to speak to her, that she was not going to do any thing for her. But this was not so. Her aunt was intending to do something for

her, but she was going to wait first until she had made some inquiries.

Agnes walked along a little way in silence, thinking, however, all the time of poor Peggie, and wishing that she could do something for her. At length she gave expression to her thoughts.

"Auntie," said she, "I might give poor Peggie some of my money if you think it is best."

"How much money have you got?" asked her aunt.

Agnes pulled her hand forth from her muff, and held it out open, for her aunt to see several pieces of silver money in it.

"So much," said she. "I don't know exactly how much it makes."

"That is a good deal of money," said her aunt.

"I have been saving it a long time," said Agnes. "I earned a

great deal of it myself,—working in the garden."

"I don't think it would be a good plan, on the whole, for you to give Peggie any of your money," said her aunt.

"Why not, auntie?" asked Agnes. "She could buy something with it to keep her warm."

Agnes' aunt could not say exactly why she thought it not a good plan for Agnes to give Peggie a portion of her money.

She *felt*, as it were, that that would not be wise, but could not very well give the reasons.

The truth was, that Agnes, in working in her grandmother's garden, to earn money, and in carefully laying up her money to keep till Christmas, had shown a great deal of thrift and industry, while Peggie, on the other hand, in spending her time all summer in playing about the streets, when she too might, undoubtedly, if

she had been so disposed, have found something to do, had been shiftless and idle. Now, although it would undoubtedly have relieved Peggie's wants in some degree, if Agnes had given her the money, and thus in that particular instance would, for the moment, have done good, still, on the whole, it would not be a good thing in this world, as a general principle, that the idle and shiftless should live on the

savings of those who are industrious and prudent. And that which is not well on the whole, and as a general principle, is very seldom well in any particular case.

The way that people are deceived in such cases is, that the good which they do by indiscreet charity is near at hand, and open to view, and they see it plainly; while the evil, though equally sure, is more remote, and so more out of sight.

The evil in this case would have been the encouragement, which the money would have given Peggie, to go on in her evil ways. If she had been relieved of all her wants, now that the winter had come, by the gifts of the charitable, then the next summer she would have been encouraged to say to herself,—

"I'll run about and play, now that it is warm and pleasant weather. The people in the

houses will give me enough to eat every day, and then when winter comes, I'll crouch down in the doorways, and the people that come along will pity me, and will give me money enough to buy what I want."

It was for some such reasons as these that Agnes' aunt, Maria, did not approve of Agnes' proposal.

"I will tell you what I think would be a better thing for you

to do," said her aunt. "If you could find an old pair of shoes about the house, that need mending, and were to get leave of your grandmother to carry them to Peggie's father, and then when he has mended them, ask your grandmother to give you some money to pay for them,—*that* would be helping the family in a very safe way."

"Well," said Agnes, "I will try."

Soon after this Agnes and her aunt arrived at the toy-shop, and there Agnes expended a considerable portion of her money, and her aunt also made several purchases of presents for her. The thing that pleased Agnes most among her purchases and presents, was a sort of cooking stove, which, though not very large, was large enough to cook with. For fire in this stove, a very small and low lamp was to be used,

with a slender wick, similar to those made for night lights. This lamp was to be set in through a little door, and placed so that the heat of it should ascend against the bottom of a small pan of earthen ware, which was to serve as a saucepan, to cook in.

Agnes tried her cooking stove as soon as she got home, that afternoon. She lighted her lamp and put it in the stove. Then

she poured a little water into her saucepan and set it over the fire. Then when the water was warm, she put several lumps of sugar into it. The sugar was soon dissolved, and after cooking a little while it formed a very sweet, hot syrup, thick like honey, and very delicious to taste. Agnes ate this syrup with a small spoon, waiting, of course, for each portion which she took out, to cool a little, before she ate it.

When she found that the supply in the saucepan was getting low, she would put in more sugar and more water, and so renew it. Her aunt Maria came once or twice while she was cooking in this way, and tasted of her syrup, and she liked it, she said, very much.

This cooking stove Agnes bought with her own money. She had some very pretty presents, besides, which her aunt

made her. Among them was a nice little garden cart, large enough to use in the garden to haul the weeds away in, when she had been weeding the beds.

A few days after this Agnes' aunt Maria went home. During the interval, Agnes had not thought much about Peggie Jones. Perhaps she would not have thought any thing more about her for a long time, if

her aunt had not mentioned the subject herself, just as she was going away.

"I have been to see the Jones family," said she, "and I have done all that I think is best, for the present, and Mrs. Key is going to attend to something more about them while I am gone. If you wish to help them yourself, I think the best thing you can do, will be to find Mr. Jones some shoes to mend."

"Well," said Agnes, "I will try."

"Your grandmother will give you the money to pay," said her aunt,—"or Mrs. Key."

Mrs. Key was the housekeeper.

CHAPTER III.

WORK FOR THE SHOEMAKER.

AGNES' aunt Maria had found the Jones family in a very wretched state of destitution, when she went to visit them on Christmas-day. There seemed to be nothing in the house to eat, and no fire on the hearth. Every thing looked comfortless and forlorn. Agnes did not go with her

aunt to make this visit, nor did her aunt explain to her in how destitute and miserable a condition she found the family. She only told her what she could do to help them, if she were disposed.

Agnes *was* so disposed; and as soon as her aunt had gone, she began to look about the house to see if she could find any old shoes. She found two or three pairs in the garret, and one pair in the back shed.

She selected from these one pair,—the pair which seemed to her to require the most mending; for as her object was to procure work for Mr. Jones, she thought that the more work she found for him the better; and then carrying the shoes to her grandmother, she asked permission to go and get them mended.

This was a pair of shoes that had belonged to Agnes' brother, who was now far away.

"I don't see that it will be of much use to get them mended," said her grandmother, "for George never will wear them again. But still you may do it; for I would rather have them mended. Indeed, if any thing is going to be put away, and *never* to be used again, I would rather have it whole."

So Agnes carried the shoes to Mr. Jones' house. It was in the afternoon, and Mr. Jones was not

at home. Peggie was there, however, playing about the door.

"Where is your father, Peggie?" said Agnes. "I have got some shoes for him to mend."

"I don't know where he is," said Peggie. "He is somewhere about."

Peggie was marking with a coal on the step of the door, while answering Agnes' questions. She went on marking as she spoke, without scarcely looking up.

"I wish you would go and find him," said Agnes.

"No," replied Peggie; "I can't go. Besides, if I should go, he would not come home."

Just then a poor and thin-looking boy, very scantily clad, came to the door. He was Peggie's brother. His name was Isaac.

He was a very good boy, and did all he could to earn his living. He had been away at work that

day, picking up stones in a field, for a farmer. He had now come home to get a couple of what they call *waxed-ends*, a kind of very strong thread used by shoemakers and saddlers to sew leather with. The farmer had broken a buckle off his harness, and Isaac had told him that if he went home he could get some waxed-ends, and mend it for him.

He had learned how to sew leather with this kind of thread,

by watching his father when he was mending shoes.

There is something curious about sewing with waxed-ends, and that is, that the workmen do not use any needle with them; at least, they do not use any needle of steel, such as is used for other sewing. Instead of a needle, there is a stiff bristle fastened in a very curious way to the end of each thread that they use, and they put the thread

through the hole in the leather, by means of these.

They can not *make* the hole in the leather by means of these bristles. They make the hole first with an awl, and then push the bristle through.

There is another curious thing, and that is, that in this kind of sewing they use two threads at a time. They push the two bristles of these two threads through the hole at the same time, on

opposite sides, so that they cross each other in going through, and then the workman pulls the threads both ways. The next time you pass by a shoemaker's shop, you can stop at the window and observe this operation, if you please.

Agnes told Isaac that she had brought a pair of shoes for his father to mend, and Isaac said he would go immediately and find his father. So he went

away, and in a few minutes he returned, bringing his father with him. Mr. Jones took the shoes, and said he would mend them that day, so that Agnes could have them the next morning. Agnes asked him what there would be to pay, and he told her, and Agnes said she would bring the money.

Agnes accordingly came the next morning with the money, and took the shoes. Her grand-

mother, when she came to see them, was much pleased to have them mended so nicely; and she told Agnes that she wished she would get all the other old shoes mended.

"Whenever we put away any thing," said she, "it ought to be put away whole; for, if it is ever going to be used again, it ought to be whole, and if a thing is *not* ever to be used again, then there is no use of putting it away at all."

Agnes accordingly took two or three more pairs of shoes to Mr. Jones, the mending of which furnished him work for two or three days, and brought him considerable money. When he saw her coming with the last pair, he exclaimed:

"Bless your heart, my good child, I wish you could keep me at work in this way all the time."

"Ah!" said Agnes, "this is the last pair we have got. But per-

haps Peggie could find some at some of the other houses."

"I wish she would try," said Mr. Jones.

"Well," said Peggie, "I'll try. I'll go," she added, turning to Agnes, "if you'll go with me."

Agnes was a little uncertain what answer to make to this proposal. Her aunt, when she was talking with her about Peggie, advised her to treat her kindly and civilly, but not to be intimate

or familiar with her. So she said that perhaps she would go with her; she would see, and would tell her the next time she came.

In thinking about this question, on her way home, Agnes concluded to adopt a plan which would be safe for her, and at the same time be just as well for Peggie. She stopped, on her way, at one of the neighbor's houses, where she was very well

acquainted, and asked the lady of the house, if she had not got any old shoes to mend.

"Any old shoes to mend!" exclaimed the lady, quite surprised at such a question.

Agnes then explained the case. She was after old shoes to mend in order to find work for Mr. Jones, who was sick and poor, and could not do any thing to earn money but mend shoes.

The lady seemed very ready to

help Agnes find work in this way for the old shoemaker. She said she had some shoes to mend, and it was arranged that she was to lay one pair, to begin with, aside, and have them ready for Peggie to take, and then Agnes was to tell Peggie to call for them.

All this was done; and by proceeding on this plan with several of the other neighbors, Agnes was the means of finding work for Mr. Jones for nearly a fortnight.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW DRESS.

THE work which Agnes procured for Mr. Jones was very little in itself, but it helped him indirectly very much, indeed. In the first place, it *encouraged* him a great deal, and so relieved him in a considerable degree from his deep despondency. Then, besides, people, seeing him indus-

triously at work at his window again, as in former times, brought him other jobs to do. Peggie, moreover, liked to go and get the work, and to bring it home, and she began gradually to take more interest in the condition of the house. She swept the rooms, and put the furniture, what little there was, in better order. This was partly because she was growing older, and began to feel less like a mere child, and more like

a woman. She rambled about the streets, it is true, as before, and was almost as ragged as ever; but she began to be ashamed of her ragged condition, and this was a great deal.

One Sunday afternoon, as Agnes was coming home alone from the Sunday School, with a book which she had taken from the library under her arm, she saw Peggie coming along the road. Peggie had grown taller and

larger, and her dress was much more decent than when Agnes had seen her at Christmas, crouched down on the steps of the door. She had a bonnet now. It was one that a lady had given her in part payment for a pair of shoes which her father had mended.

Peggie, seeing Agnes coming, ran forward and asked her what she had got.

"A book," said Agnes.

"Where did you get it?" asked Peggie.

"At the Sunday School," said Agnes.

"Are there any pictures in it?" asked Peggie.

"Yes," said Agnes.

"Let me see them," said Peggie.

"I will show you one of them," said Agnes. "Only you must not touch the book."

So Agnes stepped back a little way, in order to be in a

measure beyond Peggie's reach, and then opening the book at one of the pictures, she held the picture up to view.

"That's a pretty picture," said Peggie.

Agnes then turned over some of the leaves till she came to another picture, which she showed to Peggie, and then another.

"That's a very pretty book," said Peggie. "I wish you would give it to me."

"Oh, no," said Agnes. "It is not my book. It belongs to the library. But if you would go to the Sunday School, you could get books yourself."

"*I* could not go to the Sunday School," said Peggie.

"Why not?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, I'm not fit to go," said Peggie: "look at my apron."

Peggie looked much more decent in her dress, and in her general appearance, than she had

done a year before, but still she was very far from being as nice and tidy in her looks as most Sunday School children are. Her apron particularly was in a lamentable condition, being torn almost all to pieces on one side.

"What makes you wear your apron when it is so much torn?" asked Agnes.

"Because my gown under it is a great deal more torn than my apron is," said Peggie.

"Then why don't you mend your apron?" asked Agnes.

"Haven't got any needle and thread," said Peggie.

"I know who would give you a needle and thread," said Agnes, after a short pause.

"Who?" asked Peggie.

"Mrs. Key," replied Agnes. "Come with me, and I will ask her."

Peggie seemed to have no objection to this, and so she walked

along with Agnes toward her grandmother's house. Agnes took her in at an end door, and then led her into Mrs. Key's room. Mrs. Key rose from her seat, and came forward to receive them.

"She wants a needle-full of thread to mend her apron with," said Agnes, "and I told her I thought you would give her one."*

* See Frontispiece.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Key; "I will give her one with a great deal of pleasure."

So Mrs. Key went to her work-table, and there wound off from a spool a good quantity of thread, of the right kind and color for mending the apron. She wound the thread upon a winder which she cut out from a blue card. She then took two needles from her needle-book, and put them into the two ends of the winder,

one at each end, beyond where the thread was wound.

"There!" said she, bringing the thread and needles to Peggie; "there is some thread,—and two needles. To-morrow morning, after breakfast, find the pleasantest place there is in your house, and sit down and mend your apron as well as you can. Then when it is done, come here and show me how well you have done it."

The next day, accordingly, about the middle of the forenoon, Peggie came to show Mrs. Key how well she had mended her apron. Mrs. Key told her that she had done it very well, indeed. This was true; for Peggie had taken a great deal of pains, and had done very well for *her*. It would not have been well for any one else, who knew how to do such things. The parts of the apron, where she had brought

them together to sew them, were not properly matched, and there were wrinkles and puckers here and there which prevented the apron from lying smooth over her dress. Still, considering how bad the rent was, and how little practice Peggie had ever had with a needle, she had done very well. So Mrs. Key praised her.

And she did not even tell Peggie how she might have done the

work better. For if she had pointed out, no matter how cautiously and gently, any of the faults in the work, or any improvement which she might have made in the mode of doing it, that,—though it would have been in one sense useful to Peggie, as it would have instructed her how to do the work better the next time, would still have made her dissatisfied in some degree with this effort, and would have led

her to think that Mrs. Key was dissatisfied with it. This would have tended to discourage her. What Peggie wanted, to lead her to be industrious and thrifty, was encouragement more than instruction; and so Mrs. Key thought she could not afford to run the risk of discouraging her even a little, for the sake of instructing her a great deal.

So she told her she had mended her apron very well, and that

it looked a great deal better than it did before.

"And now, Peggie," said Mrs. Key, "go and look in the glass and see what a nice and pretty-looking girl you would be, if you only had a neat and tidy dress, like the other girls; and if your hair was in good order."

Peggie turned toward the glass, and began at the same time, instinctively, to brush her hair

smooth, where it came out from under her bonnet.

It is very seldom that it would be of any advantage to a girl to send her to a glass, in order to see how pretty she looked in it. But it was of great advantage to Peggie in this case. It awakened her ambition, and excited in her a very strong desire to make herself neat and tidy.

"I will tell you what you can do," said Mrs. Key. "You might

earn money enough, in about a week, to buy you a new dress, and then by working a few days more, you would earn enough to pay for having it made."

"Well," said Peggie, "if I could only find any work to do."

"You can weed beds in a garden, can't you?" asked Mrs. Key.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Peggie.

"Then I will give you some work to do in our garden," said Mrs. Key. "You can begin to-

day, if you please. You can work two hours every forenoon, and two hours every afternoon."

"I can work more than that," said Peggie.

"No," said Mrs. Key; "that will be enough; at least, enough for a beginning."

So Mrs. Key went out into the garden with Peggie, and gave her a bed to weed. The plants were coming up in rows, and between the rows the ground was pretty

well covered with weeds. Peggie was to pull out all the weeds, one by one, taking care, however, not to pull up any of the plants that were growing in the rows.

She worked quite diligently for about two hours, and then Mrs. Key came and told her it was time for her to stop, for that day.

"You have done enough for the first day," said she. "You have earned about enough, I

should think, to make one of the sleeves of your new dress."

The next forenoon, Peggie earned enough, as Mrs. Key thought, to make the other sleeve, and so on, day after day, until she had earned the whole dress. Mrs. Key then went with her to the store to buy the dress for her. She allowed Peggie herself to choose the pattern and color.

Then Mrs. Key gave the dress

to a seamstress to be cut and made, while Peggie went on working in the garden to earn enough more money to pay the seamstress for the work.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS.

AFTER this things went on better and better with the Jones family. Finding that Peggie was disposed to work industriously and well in the garden, Mrs. Key concluded to try her in the house, and she gave her some work to do in the kitchen. Peggie at first knew very little

about such work, but she took pains to learn, and before long she made herself so useful that Mrs. Key employed her regularly during the day, dismissing her, however, every afternoon, about four o'clock, so that she could go home and get supper ready for her father.

Her father, in the meantime, growing more and more industrious, had at length succeeded in getting steady work as a jour-

neyman in a saddle and harness-maker's shop. Isaac, too, found a good place at a farmer's. He came home always on Saturday night, and all the family spent Sunday together.

When the next Christmas-day came round, the condition of the family was very different from what it had been the previous year, when Agnes' aunt found them so destitute and wretched. When Peggie went home on

Christmas-eve, she found a great blazing fire on the hearth, and a supper on the table, which her father had bought and brought home in a basket. He had gone back into the street to buy something more, while Isaac had remained at home to take care of the fire, and put the things on the table. When Peggie came, and had taken off her bonnet, Isaac lifted up the cover to show her what they were going to have for supper.

The Supper.

The supper was abundant, and it was *good*, though the table was not set very elegantly. In fact, the whole family had yet only just advanced as far as to the comforts of life. The niceties and elegancies were yet to come. So the room, although it was well warmed by the great blazing fire, was yet very meagerly furnished, and the furniture that was in it was not very nicely arranged. There remained against the wall

some of the old tools which Mr. Jones used when his business was mending shoes, and above them hung an old worn-out leather apron, instead of a picture in a neat frame, which would have looked much prettier suspended there.

These things were, however, all remedied in time. The family grew more and more thrifty every year, until, at length, the house was as well furnished, and as

nicely kept, as any of the neighbor's houses,—and Peggie became as neat and tidy, and as well behaved, as any young woman in all the town.

A great deal of this change was owing, it is true, to other causes, but it was helped forward not a little by what Agnes did to find work for the poor old shoemaker, when he was most depressed and discouraged.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END OF PEGGIE.

AGNES had a certain bed in the garden which she called hers, and which she had been accustomed to plant flower-seeds in, every spring, when the ground had been dug and raked, and otherwise prepared by the gardener. When the next spring was coming on, after the Christ-

mas described in the last chapter, Agnes conceived the idea of having a larger garden than she had before.

"I should like to have a bed twice as large as I had last year," she said to Mrs. Key one day, "if you would let me hire Peggie sometimes to come and help me weed it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Key; "you can have Peggie as often as you please. Only," she con-

tinued, after a short pause, "I wish you could contrive to give her some other name than Peggie."

"Why?" asked Agnes.

"Because," replied Mrs. Key, "Peggie does not seem to be a suitable name for such a girl as she is getting to be. That was a good enough name for her when she was a barefooted and ragged girl, running wild about the streets. But she deserves a better name now.

Besides," added Mrs. Key, "if she were to have a more respectable name, she would begin to think that other people felt some respect for her, and she would feel some respect for herself, and be still more ambitious to improve herself than she is now."

"I mean to ask her," said Agnes, "if she has not got any other name."

Accordingly, Agnes watched for

an opportunity to ask Peggie the question. It was not long before an opportunity occurred; for soon after this time she met her in the street. Peggie was neatly dressed, and was walking along in a very proper manner, with a basket in her hand, in which she was carrying home something which she had been purchasing at a store.

Agnes went up to her and asked her about her name.

"Mrs. Key thinks," she said, "that you ought to have some better name than Peggie, now that you are such a good girl. Haven't you got any other name?"

"My real name is not Peggie, at all," said Peggie.

"What is it, then?" asked Agnes.

"Margaret," replied Peggie. "My real name is Margaret, and they call me Peggie for short."

"I don't see how they get

Peggie out of Margaret," said Agnes.

"I don't see how, myself," replied Peggie; "but they get it *somehow*."

"And would not you rather that people would call you Margaret?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, indeed," replied Peggie. "I should be thankful if they would call me Margaret, but I don't know how I can make them do it."

"*I'll* call you Margaret," said Agnes, "at any rate, and that will be a beginning; and I'll ask Mrs. Key how to make other people do it."

So Agnes turned to go away, saying, as she did so,—

"Good-by, Margaret."

"Good-by, Agnes," said Margaret; for we must follow Agnes' example, and give her her new name.

In fact, every body seemed dis-

posed to follow this example, as soon as Agnes and Mrs. Key set it. It was so evident that Margaret was now the most suitable name, that the change was very rapidly made. So that in a very short time there was an end of Wild Peggie in that town, and a very nice, industrious, and pretty girl, named Margaret Jones, took her place, to the great satisfaction of all the people.